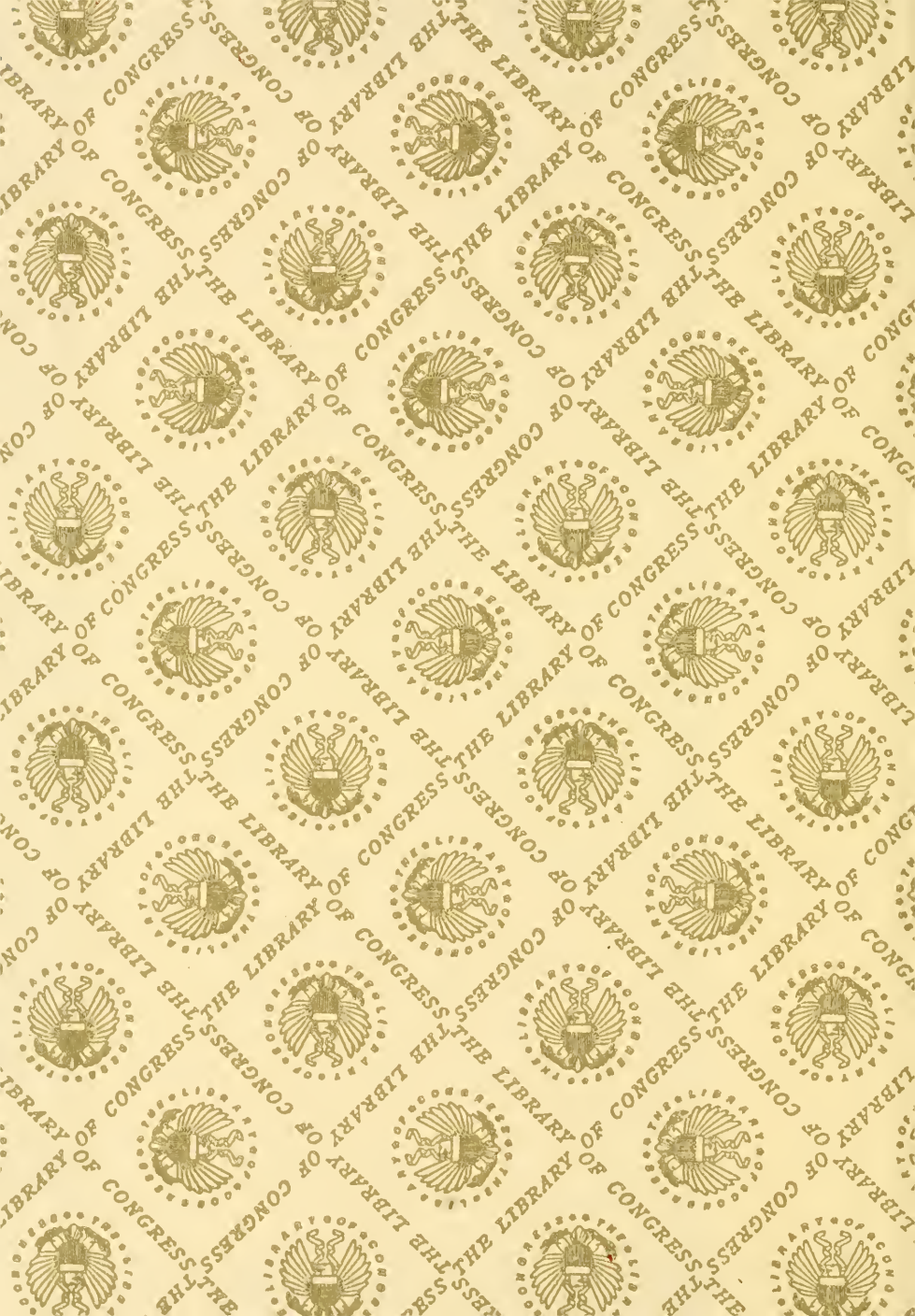
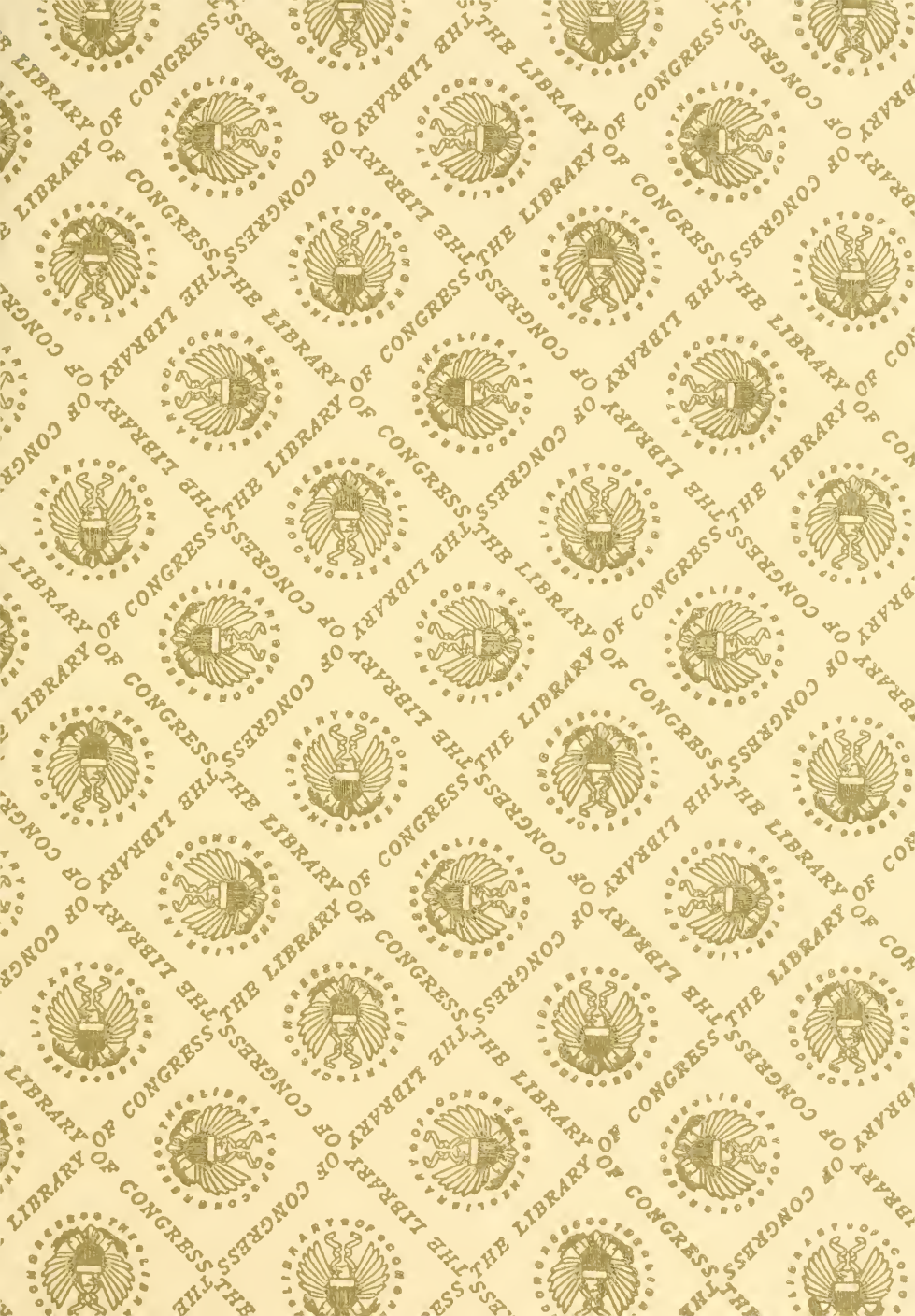


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QUEEN ANNE

THE  
DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE

BY

EUGENE LAWRENCE

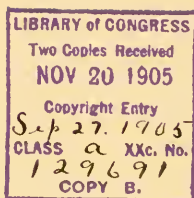
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## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

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To the students of history and of literature alike, the age of Queen Anne is a subject of special interest and importance. It was the Augustan age of English literature and of French as well. It was a period of great conflicts in arms, of fierce controversy in the political world. It was a time of marvelous advancement in science. It was a formative period which influences to a notable degree the daily life of the present time. We see this influence in our architecture and our house furnishings; in our proverbial expressions and our habits of thought; even in our dress and our manners. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" are still the delight of childhood. Newton and Locke are still studied in our colleges. "The Spectator" is still the model of English prose. Pope's couplets are still a part of our practical philosophy. All classes of people throughout the English-speaking world are living in the light of that marvelous era; and wherever the French language is spoken the influence of the Augustan age is felt to-day as it is among ourselves.

When Macaulay undertook to write a history of England which should compete in interest with "the last novel," there was the keenest anticipation of his work relating to the age of Queen Anne. Unfortunately, his history stopped abruptly with the death of William the Third—the very day on which Queen Anne became the sovereign of the "three kingdoms." The magnificent work of Macaulay, as left thus, is practically the history of a single reign, with a brief review of the period preceding it. The world has not ceased to mourn the untimely death of the man best qualified to write the history of the age of Queen Anne.

Such was the splendor of Macaulay's style, the universality of his knowledge of the subject, and the anticipation raised by the volumes of his history that had appeared, that no one has dared to take up the work which he left unfinished.

The history of Great Britain for the past two centuries is yet to be written in the manner contemplated. It exists in fragmentary form—in the essays of Macaulay and others, in the official records of the realm, in individual memoirs, and in the literature and art which have been developed within the period.

There was one man, it would seem, upon whom might have devolved the task of gathering together the materials and relating the history of the age of Queen Anne. He was an American. Of all the essayists who have written upon the subject, Eugene Lawrence has shown himself the most masterly in his grouping, the most philosophical in his insight, the most sympathetic in his treatment. His style is by no means borrowed from Lord Macaulay, being, in fact, very different from it, yet is not less entertaining, perhaps not less perfect in its way.

Hubert M. Skinner says of Lawrence's "Days of Queen Anne:"

"As with the wand of a magician he summoned back to life the great troupe of actors in one of the greatest periods of history—for the days of Queen Anne were in the 'Augustan Age' of English and French literature alike, the age of the 'Grand Monarque,' the age which is still copied in its architecture, its painting, its house furnishing, its models of literary style, and even its dress. Critical judgment, discriminating delineation of character, and philosophical suggestion accompany every portraiture as the characters pass in review before us while the world of Queen Anne is unveiled. There are no tricks of sensation in the style of the piece. It is like a fairy review by moonlight in a midsummer night's dream.

It should be read in the hammock in summer afternoons, amid the droning of bees, the

“‘Low stir of leaves and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.’”

This famous essay has been reproduced in our series as an English classic, in the belief that there is now a need for it in the high schools of the country. The Report of the Committee of Seven has given a new impetus to the study of history. The modern theory of correlation is applied with special force to the study of the age of Queen Anne. The modern plan of providing supplementary matter in a form at once cheap and easily available enables the teacher and pupil to procure the most desirable auxiliaries of the textbooks, to enhance the interest and value of the work of the schoolroom.

Further, it is believed that the essay will be found especially desirable by literary clubs and societies, as possessing the condensed and inspirational form of composition best adapted to their use. It commends itself with equal interest to men's clubs and to women's clubs, and may be used as a nucleus for a group of club studies in history or in literature.







MOOR PARK.



# THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE

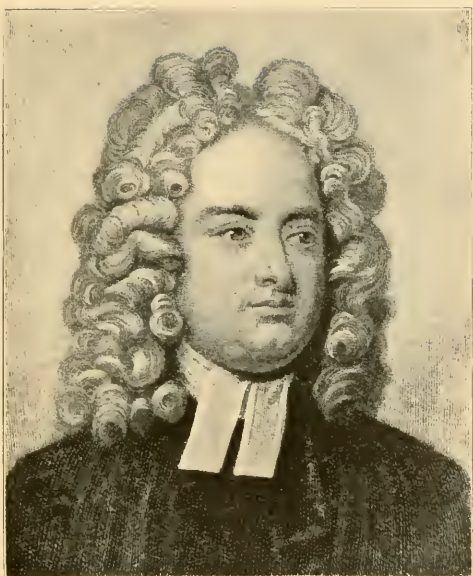
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Moor Park, the country home of Sir William Temple, stood not far from London, in a pleasant landscape, surrounded by its trim lawns and productive gardens. (1) The house was plain ; its owner was not wealthy ; but he was famous for honesty in politics, for his success in cultivating fruits and vegetables, and for some knowledge of the classics. He wrote essays that are scarcely remembered, and produced grapes and peaches that were probably much better appreciated by his friends Charles II. and William III. Moor Park itself, and perhaps its owner, would long since have been forgotten had it not contained within its quiet shelter a dark and turbid genius, slowly struggling upward to renown, and a pale and thoughtful girl, studious at once and beautiful, whose name and fate were never to be separated from that of her modern Abelard. (2)

There had come to Moor Park a poor scholar, the son of a widow, in search of some means of subsistence ; and Sir William Temple, upon whom the mother had some claim, either as a distant connection or an early acquaintance, touched by her extreme distress, consented to receive the young man into his house, and give him employment either as a reader or as an amanuensis. It was the first upward step in the life of the haughty Swift, who seems never to have been able to remember without a burst of rage that in his infancy he had nearly starved from the poverty of his mother, and that in his youth he had been a servant or a dependant in the Temple family. He never revisited Moor Park in his prosperity ; he never spoke to any of the Temples ; (3) he seems to have wanted wholly the sentiment of association, and was never

softened into tenderness by the memory of the trim gardens where he had first walked with Stella, or of the real kindness with which Sir William had raised him from poverty and neglect. In his inordinate sense of his own merits he seems to have felt himself injured by the benevolence of his benefactor.

Fate had provided for the impoverished scholar a companion and a pupil whose condition very closely resembled his own. On his return to Moor Park in 1696, after a serious dispute with his patron, Swift found in the house a Mrs. Johnson and her young daughter, who, like himself, were dependent on the generosity of the Temples. Esther, or Hetty, Johnson, the famous "Stella," was now growing up into that rare beauty which was to become celebrated in letters, and a purity and gentleness of spirit that won the admiration of her eminent contemporaries. Her eyes and hair were dark, her complexion pale, her figure graceful, her expression pensive and engaging. (4) She was fond of knowledge, and glad to be instructed; and if her taste in literature was sometimes at fault, or her spelling never perfect, she was at least able to feel the beauties of a "*Spectator*" or an "*Examiner*." Swift became her tutor, Mentor, lover. He taught her his own bold handwriting, explained the allusions of the poets, gave her a taste for wit and humor, and seems to have communicated to her alone the secret of his anonymous works. A perfect unity of feeling and of interests grew up between them, and four years of tranquil happiness glided away in the calm shelter of Moor Park, during which Stella ripened into graceful womanhood, and seems to have been treated by Sir William almost with the tenderness of a parent. (5) She mingled with the best society of the neighborhood, became acquainted with fashionable ladies and eminent men, and in London was already known as one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of the day.



JONATHAN SWIFT.



More than the common sorrows of life, meantime, had fallen upon the family at Moor Park. Lady Temple, that Dorothy Osborne whom Sir William had courted for seven years with stately assiduity, had long been dead; their children passed away, one by one; the eldest son died by his own act, the victim of an extreme sensibility. The society of Swift and Stella probably served to amuse the last years of the eminent statesman; and when he died, in 1698, Sir William left to Swift the valuable legacy of his writings, and to Esther Johnson a thousand pounds. But their home was now broken up; for a time they were separated; they were to meet only in that irrevocable union which was to throw its mysterious shadow over the lives of both forever. (6)

Of Swift's startling eccentricities and wild bursts of rage, his cold, despotic temper, his unbending self-esteem, the frequent rudeness of his manners, his violence and pride, his contemporaries have recorded many examples. He was suspended or expelled from Trinity College for insolent and lawless conduct; he quarreled with Sir William Temple. "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" he exclaimed to Earl Berkeley and his friend when they had offended him. His cruel duplicity to the two devoted women who clung to him with confiding fondness can never be excused. Yet were the gentler and better elements of his character so eminent and remarkable that the generous Addison could think of him only as endowed with every endearing virtue, the most delightful of companions, the most faithful of friends; and to Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and a throng of accomplished associates he was ever an object of sincere affection and esteem. (7) He was generous often to excess; he loved with an unchanging regard; he was happy in doing good; his countrymen in Ireland, who had felt his benefactions, followed him with an almost superstitious veneration, and were willing to die in his defense.

After their brief separation Swift and Stella were once more reunited, and the pleasant parsonage of Laracor, near Dublin, has become renowned as the scene of their happiest hours. Here Swift was made vicar, and upon a moderate salary lived in retirement and ambitious discontent. At his request or his command, Stella, who was now without a home, whose mother seems scarcely to have deserved her regard, resolved upon the dangerous plan of removing to Ireland to live near her early instructor. A female friend, Mrs. Dingley, accompanied her. It is impossible to say what promises of a future marriage were the inducements held out by her imperious master, whether he postponed their union until his income had increased, or left his future plans hidden in mystery. It is only certain that at eighteen years of age the beautiful Esther Johnson, already one of the ornaments of London society, and the reputed daughter of Sir William Temple, abandoned the gay world to hide in the obscurity of Ireland; to live in a cloud of doubt, assailed by calumny, and scarcely convinced of her own prudence; to reject all other suitors, and to await with patient cheerfulness the moment when it should please the imperious Swift to name the hour of their nuptials. (8)

The two ladies, Mrs. Dingley and Stella, occupied the parsonage at Laracor when Swift was absent; when he returned they went to private lodgings; no concealment was pretended. It was well known that the two gentlewomen had followed Swift to Ireland; it was even believed that he was married to one of them. The days at Laracor passed pleasantly onward. Stella, secure of the attachment and attentions of him whom she looked upon as her husband, lived in cheerful confidence, and Swift seems to have given her no cause for alarm. She was ever to him "the fairest spirit that dwelt upon the earth." Her conversation was his chief delight. To her he opened his secret plans, and confided his most daring hopes. They



laid out the canal at Laracor together, planted it with graceful willows, filled the garden with rare fruits, or adorned with simple comforts and embellishments the parsonage, whose ruins still show traces of its famous occupants. (9) Society gathered around them, and the eccentric union of the two protégés of Sir William Temple, who had long been known to the world of letters and of fashion, seems to have been looked upon as in no degree improper. Stella was courted by the grave and the gay; received offers of marriage, which she declined; wondered, perhaps, at the ungenerous delay of her suitor, but had not yet learned to reproach.

In 1704 dropped mysteriously from the London press one of those books that the literary world can never let die, yet one which it has tacitly agreed to hide in a decent obscurity. It treated of the most sacred themes with coarse ribaldry and painful familiarity. It was more shocking to a delicate taste than the barbaric wit of Rabelais and the keen levity of Lucian. Yet its rare originality, its biting satire, the profusion of its learning, the endless variety of its wit, and that clear and simple style, the result of long years of labor, in which the writer's mind, with all its fertile novelty, seemed to blend with that of his reader, made the "Tale of a Tub" the most remarkable book of the day. Its clouded renown opened the dawn of the golden age of Queen Anne. It was read by pious bishops with horror and delight, by eminent statesmen and ambitious lords, by the gentle Addison, by Somers, Garth, and the youthful Pope. Its anonymous origin was soon examined. Swift, who had already written popular pieces, was believed to be its author; (10) and the renown of being the greatest wit and the most original genius of his day was awarded at once to the Irish vicar. Swift now made yearly visits to London, and in the society of Somers, Montague, and Addison began to project schemes of ambition that were to end in signal defeat.

From their quiet retreat amidst the willows of Laracor, Swift and Stella saw pass slowly before them the barbaric glories of the reign of Queen Anne. Chivalry, unhappily, still ruled in France. Louis XIV.—coward, imposter, the basest of voluptuaries, the chief savage of his time—proclaimed a tournament of the nations, and drove his starving and enfeebled people to fling themselves in miserable throngs against the patient Hollander, the quiet German, the soft Italian, and die in myriads on the field of battle. When Swift retired to Laracor, Louis the Great was at the height of his renown. Europe trembled before the despot of Versailles, the modern Dionysius. While the people starved, the soldiers of France, clad in rich trappings and fed on costly food, were held ready to be let loose upon the factories of Flanders and the rich cities of Germany; and in every happy home or peaceful village from Strasburg to Vienna the ambition of the French Attila struck an icy dread.

To become “king of men,” as his unchristian preachers were accustomed to salute him, Louis had sunk into a barbarian. Yet his youth had not been without its promise. He was the grandson of Henry IV., and had inherited at least the memory of the austere Jeanne d’Albret, and of the simple manners of Bearn. His own mother had neglected him. He could remember the time when his velvet suit had grown threadbare from poverty, and when his scanty and ill-paid allowance scarcely gave him a tolerable support. He had been educated in sobriety, at a time when all France was flourishing with signal vigor under the influence of Huguenot ideas, when the fields were clad in wealth of food and population, the factories busy, and the prosperous nation had just entered upon a career of reform and culture that might have saved it all its later woes. Louis, the neglected boy, grew up fair, graceful, and gracious in his manners; but at twenty-two, still happier auspice for his country—became king in





COLBERT.

reality, under the guidance of the hardy intellect of Colbert. The Huguenot minister governed for a time the destinies of France, and Louis was the champion of economy, moderation, and peace. (11) Brief, however, was the period of his moral vigor; he fell with a memorable lapse. The pagan influence of the Catholic faith clouded his aspiring spirit. Corrupt confessors and plotting Jesuits condoned his enormous vices. He sank into moral and mental degradation, and Bossuet and Massillon celebrated in sounding periods the mighty monarch who had driven the Huguenots from his kingdom with unexampled atrocities, and whose barbarous ambition had filled Europe with slaughter.

The crimes of Louis can scarcely be surpassed. Without provocation he broke into Spanish Flanders, and spread desolation over that rich territory, whose boundless productiveness has outlived the wars of centuries. Without provocation he poured the finest soldiers of Europe into the busy fields of Holland. City after city fell bleeding and defenseless before his arms. Already the Jesuits and the Catholics believed themselves masters of that wonderful land, where the printing-press and the free school had nerved the intellect of the Calvinist in its desperate struggle for independence, and whose vigorous thought had sapped the strongest bulwarks of Rome. But the Dutch had torn down their dikes. The ocean rolled over the scenes of prosperous industry, and Louis retreated from the land he had covered with despair.

Yet it was against divided and distracted Germany that the great king perpetrated his most unpardonable crimes. That hive of nations, from whence had poured forth in successive streams Goth and Vandal, Frank and Saxon, to renew the energies of the Latin race, was now to lie for hopeless years at the feet of haughty France. Louis seems, in his insane ambition, to have believed the Germans an inferior race, into whose savage realm the gay and civilized legions

of Paris might penetrate without an effort, and ravage without remorse. To extend the frontier of France to the Rhine, over blazing Alsace and the blood-tinged Moselle, Louis labored for fifty years.(12) No such scenes of human misery and national shame had been witnessed in Europe as were those over which the gracious and courtly king exulted with horrible joy. Twice he had sent orders to desolate the Palatinate, and reduce to a naked waste the fairest province of Germany. For seventy miles along the banks of the Saar, villages and fields were swept by a general conflagration, and the miserable people fled to the forests, to perish by famine or disease. Strasburg he had seized by an open fraud. In September, 1681, when its chief citizen had gone to the Frankfort fair, in the midst of a recent peace, the French troops surrounded the great city, the key of Germany, and demanded its surrender. Its garrison trembled before the heavy artillery and unexpected attack of the foe. The gates were opened by treachery, and Strasburg fell into the power of the French. The Protestants were driven from its renowned cathedral, where they had worshiped for more than a hundred years; and Louis, without a blush, made a triumphal entry into the city he had violated his honor to obtain, and from whence he hoped to inflict new miseries upon the German race. (13)

Nor did it seem possible that Germany could long survive the ceaseless malignity of its French foe. In 1683 Louis had called to his aid the savage Turks—the scourge of European civilization. With an army of two hundred thousand men—the largest that had been seen in Europe since the fall of Constantinople—the grand vizier, Mustapha, a brave and skillful soldier, broke into Germany and laid siege to Vienna. The emperor and his family fled from his trembling capital; its garrison was small, its fortifications imperfect; and in June, when the immense Turkish host sat down before the





LOUIS XIV.



city, there seemed little hope that the empire could be saved. All Germany awaited with almost supine awe the fall of the house of Hapsburg.

The siege was prosecuted with terrible vigor; the Viennese resisted with undoubted heroism. Every day new mines were sprung; the walls were shattered by huge parks of cannon. The weary defenders repaired at night the ruins of the day; yet the Turks pressed on, eager for the plunder of the wealthy city, and filled the trenches with the Christian dead. At length, in the beginning of September, a mine was sprung under the bastion of Burg; half the city shook and tottered at the dreadful shock, and a wide breach was opened, sufficiently large for a whole battalion to pass in. The garrison had melted away with toil and battle, and the hopeless Viennese prepared for the final assault that might deliver their proud city forever into the hands of the infidel. (14) But on the morning of the fatal day John Sobieski, King of Poland, stood on the Kalen Hill, (15) at the head of forty thousand men, surrounded by the princes of Germany. The Turks were arrested in the moment of triumph; and on the 12th of September, leading his brilliant cavalry, Sobieski sprang from the hills into the centre of the throngs of Turkish horsemen, and chased them in a wild flight along the plain. (16)

At night a panic seized the whole Turkish force, and they fled silently from their countless tents. Sobieski, in the morning, saw before him the rejoicing city, just delivered from a horrible doom, and a boundless wealth of spoil in gold, silver, and rich robes, the great standard of Turkey, and the baths, fountains, and gardens of the luxurious Mustapha. Germany and Europe rang with the praises of the gallant Pole; and Louis alone lamented the discomfiture of the Turks.

In 1688 he began a new war against the enfeebled Germans. It opened with an act of singular atrocity. In the depth

of winter, when the fields and forests lay clad in snow, the French cavalry swept into the fertile provinces of the Rhine. Around them were rich and famous cities, renowned as the centres of early Protestantism and freedom, and countless villages—the emblems of centuries of toil. All were to be destroyed. The inhabitants in that cold and mournful season, the period of domestic festivity, were ordered to abandon their fine cities and pleasant homes, or were driven at the point of the bayonet, naked and defenseless, into the snow. When they asked why they were treated with such severity, they were told, “It is the king’s pleasure.” They wandered out, beggars and homeless. Behind them, over the wintry landscape, they saw the flames sweep over Worms and Spires, Heidelberg or Baden. Every city was burned to the ground; the French soldiers plundered the tombs of the Salic emperors, and robbed the churches of Spires. The hapless people died by thousands, of starvation, frost, despair, and grief; and the civilized world admitted that the enormities of Louis had never been surpassed by Turk or Hun. (17)

Yet the great king, dead and sick at heart, scorned the reproaches of civilization, and lived only for glory. Never was his manner more gracious, his court more splendid, his Bossuet or Massillon more enthusiastic in his praise, his gross degradation more apparent, his hollow pomp more shocking and disheartening, than when, in 1689, he could point to the blighted waste of the Palatinate, and to his prisons and galleys thronged with Huguenots. All Western Europe rose against him. Holland, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, led by William of Orange, united to crush the common foe of civilization. He repelled their efforts with fearful sacrifices to France. He was still “king of men.” At the peace of Ryswick he scornfully enforced the Catholic faith upon countless German towns, and still saw Europe tremble at his nod.



BOSSUET.





Then, when for sixty years Louis had sat upon the throne of France (1702), William III. died, and Anne, the mild, dull Queen, ruled over divided England. (18) Scarcely did the daughter of James II. appear likely to become the avenger of Germany—to perfect the plans of William and decide the fall of Louis. She was slow and cautious; neither good-natured nor malicious. Of intellect she showed scarcely a trace; she could not have known the difference between Pope and Blackmore, or Addison and Dennis. She was never sensible of the merits of Swift. Yet around the unlettered queen were gathered the brilliant fruits of the second English revolution; and her authors, statesmen, and commanders, her men of science (19) and of action, set bounds to the ambition of Louis.

All France was now mad with vanity and misery. The gentle touch of Addison has painted in his letters the boastful Frenchman starving in his glory, and looking down with scorn upon those inferior races who seemed to follow as captives the triumphal chariot of his king. In his old age Louis had placed his grandson Philip on the throne of Spain. Europe accepted the challenge; the war of the succession began; a French army once more broke into Germany; Bavaria joined the invaders; and the divided empire seemed at last destined to perish before the ceaseless malice of the Gallic king.

Germany might well have sighed for a Barbarossa, and waited for the rising of that mighty barbarian whose haughty spirit was believed to hover still around its beloved Rhine; but the Emperor Leopold (20) had none of the talents of his predecessor, and his long reign had been marked only by the misfortunes of his realm. His small, distorted figure, his projecting under-jaw, his cold and Spanish gravity, his feeble mind, made him no worthy champion against the graceful and talented monarch who had sold himself to glory; and

Louis might well scoff at the dull ruler of a disunited people. But far up in the north of Germany the French had found a more resolute foe. Frederick William of Prussia had brought his small principality into unprecedented renown. He had been the first to defy the power of France. His intelligent troops had become famous on many a battlefield. His vigor sustained the courage of the Germans, and the Prussian soldiers and a Prussian general were the central figures of the German troops. His successor assumed the royal title, (21) and Prussia, in the moment of danger, stood firmly by the side of the feeble Leopold.

From his stronghold at Strasburg, penetrating the natural defenses of Germany, Louis supposed that his accomplished commanders would march almost without resistance to Vienna; his soldiers had never yet been beaten; he had held Alsace and the Rhine against the vigor of William of Orange, the power of England, and the efforts of a grand alliance; nor could he have thought to encounter any braver foes than those to whom he had haughtily awarded the treaty of Ryswick. The dull Anne and the feeble Leopold he had treated with singular indignities. He had named a king for England, and had proclaimed the Pretender James III., amidst the acclamations of his courtiers and the joy of the Catholics of the British Isles. His gold had been freely distributed among English statesmen, and his emissaries were always busy in the secret intrigues of the English court. Marlborough and Sunderland had been his pensioners. It was believed that Anne herself was not unwilling to acknowledge her unfortunate brother. His grandson Philip had been received with ready loyalty in Catholic Spain. The Archduke Charles must conquer his kingdom before he could hope to reign. The war of the succession opened for the great king with a boundless prospect for universal dominion; and the nobles and the marshals of France crossed the Rhine, inspired by



WILLIAM OF ORANGE





the memories of half a century of uninterrupted success, in the proud confidence of superiority. (22)

But England was now thoroughly Protestant; its Catholic faction had sunk into a feeble minority; the intellect of the nation, which had been debased and degraded under the insincere rule of Charles or James, had begun to produce examples of public virtue worthy of the days of Cromwell and of Milton; and the people of England, shocked at the chivalric crimes of Louis and the corrupting vices of a Romish court, had resolved, with rare unanimity, to break down the haughty despotism of France forever. The money of the English merchants was lavished in maintaining the unity of Germany. The wealth of Dissenting tradesmen sustained the house of Hapsburg on its ancient throne. The gay nobles of the Parisian court, whose pedigrees had been carefully marked out for eight generations, were found to have lost the savage virtues of their ancestors; the factories of England and Holland repelled the fierce inroads of the feudal lords.

Anne was represented on the battlefield by Marlborough; Leopold by Eugene. A friendship grew up between the two great generals, as constant as it was sincere; and whatever may have been the earlier faults of Marlborough, he seems to have given the best resources of his genius to the aid of European freedom. If he had been in the past a traitor, a perjured commander, the pensioner of Louis, he grew, under the influence of a real friendship, into sincerity and honor. (23) Modest, small, dark-complexioned, insignificant, the fiery ardor and vigorous principle of the Savoyard soldier had fixed the admiration of the eminent Englishman; (24) with Eugene, Marlborough ceased to be treacherous; together they struck down the power of Louis, and put back for nearly a century the Gallic conquest of Europe. Yet in tactics they represented the two opposite forms of military genius. Marlborough, calm, impassive, never at fault,

moved his squadrons with precision, and waited for the moment of victory; Eugene, sword in hand, pressed to the front, and led the fury of the battle. Marlborough guided the whirlwind; his companion was ever in the van. The small and insignificant figure of Eugene seemed filled with grandeur as he sprang upon the French at Blenheim, or sank wounded before the walls of Turin. The impassive Englishman showed scarcely a trace of unusual excitement in the moment of danger or success. Before their varied qualities the mighty fabric of French ambition fell with a sudden shock.

The time may come when the barbarous details of warfare will cease to be interesting, and when men will turn with disgust from the nameless horrors of the battle-field and the campaign. Yet the military glories of the reign of Queen Anne have, at least, the excuse that they were necessary. Tallard, at the head of eighty thousand French and Bavarians, was pressing on to Vienna. He was met at Blenheim by Marlborough and Eugene, with an inferior force. The French, stretching far along a range of difficult heights, surveyed their foe. The two friends resolved to storm the hills. In front of the French lines spread bogs, rivulets, and morasses; but difficulties vanished before their resolution. Eugene was opposed to the Bavarians, and among his troops was a select band of Prussians, then first rising to renown. Marlborough led the Hollanders and English against the best soldiers of France. The roar of battle resounded through the still August day, and often as their troops shrank back from the rain of cannon-balls that swept over the marshes of Hochstadt, the two friends rallied them once more to the charge. Struggling in deep bogs and difficult paths, Eugene pressed down upon the Bavarians, and was nearly cut down by a Bavarian trooper. But a charge of the Prussians decided the battle on the right wing; on the left the famous squadrons of Louis yielded to the steady courage of Marlborough, and

the night fell on the utter ruin of the army of Tallard. How many perished on that dreadful day, what troops of prisoners were gathered up by the weary victors, what stores of money and of arms came into their hands, it is scarcely necessary to remember; (25) it is sufficient to know that the pride of France was broken, and that German peasants and villagers, set free from their life-long terror, sang the praises of Marlborough and Eugene as they tilled the fertile pastures of the Danube and the Elbe.

The two commanders now separated. Eugene, with a force of twenty-four thousand Germans, among whom were the famous Prussian band and their commander, the Prince of Dessau, climbed over the mountains and crossed the rivers that separate Italy from Germany, performing one of the most romantic feats in warfare, and fell suddenly upon a great force of eighty thousand French, who were besieging the capital of Savoy. The city had nearly fallen, when the Germans, moving swiftly along the banks of the Po, threw themselves upon the hostile lines. The prince was at the front; the Prussians struck a well-aimed blow; eighty thousand French, dismayed and broken, fled before an inferior force, and Italy saw, with amazement, the disastrous flight of the soldiers of the great king. Meantime, in the Low Countries, Marlborough, at Ramillies (1706, May 23), had rivaled the terrors of the battle of Turin. Louis sent his best army and Villeroi to defend the territory he had wrested in his prosperous youth from Spain. Not far from that memorable field where France and England struggled for victory at Waterloo, and Wellington and Napoleon had finished, a century later, a generation of warfare, Marlborough received the attack of the brilliant and well-trained squadrons; on that day he emulated the daring of Eugene; he was everywhere in the heart of the battle; (26) his horse fell under him, and he had nearly been captured



by the enemy; his aide was shot at his side; but when the dreadful labors of the day were ended, the throne of Anne, the liberties of Holland and of Germany, were secured.

Blenheim, Turin and Ramillies were followed by the union of the two chiefs; and again, at Oudenarde, 1708, they shattered, by incessant toil, the last army of France. Marlborough, eager to do honor to his friend, had placed him in command of the English troop; he kept himself the Germans. The landscape of the battle was a rich and level country, sown thick with towns and hamlets, with farms and valleys teeming with plenty, and pleasant woodlands, above whose tree-tops the turrets of peaceful abbeys and lonely castles rose over the tranquil scene. All was now torn with the raging contest. (27) The French were slowly beaten. The night fell, and at length the glittering fires of musketry amidst the darkness revealed the converging lines of the allies. The French fled to Ghent, and Marlborough and Eugene felt that their labors were nearly over. Terror and gloom filled the once boastful streets of Paris, and its aged king might well have looked to see the Germans at Versailles. Soon, too, the powers of nature lent their aid to complete the miseries of France. A winter, the most severe ever known in Europe, froze the Seine to its bed; the rigors of Lapland were repeated in Normandy and Guienne. The crops froze in the ground; the peasantry and their cattle perished by the road-side; vineyards were destroyed; the pastures were converted into icy wastes; and when the summer opened, famine preyed upon the enfeebled nation, and Louis saw around him a dying people and a ruined realm. (28)

In England, meantime, the tumult of victory had been followed by a weariness of slaughter and a longing for the calm of peace. The passions of men were stilled. Even the fearful splendors of Blenheim and Ramillies ceased to awaken ex-

ultation. Spain had been conquered and lost; Gibraltar alone remained; Leopold and Joseph had died, and Charles VI. ascended the imperial throne. The safety of Europe, it was asserted, demanded that Philip should be permitted to rule at Madrid, and that Louis, humbled and disarmed, should be spared the last humiliation of utter defeat.

Thrice had England risen on the wave of advancing thought to singular eminence. The Protestant reform of the reign of Elizabeth had given birth to a throng of stately intellects, original, vigorous, creative. A second movement of the popular mind toward honesty and austerity had produced a Milton and a Hampden. And now, by a third impulse, the narrow realm of the good Queen Anne was raised to the first rank among European powers. Scarcely, indeed, had the dull prejudices of feudalism passed away, and it was still the fashion with the eminent and the wise to trace their descent from Norman robbers or Saxon thanes, to indulge in the ostentation of rank, and lay claim to a fancied superiority. It was still held more honorable to have come from a knightly race, whose mail-clad hands had been stained with Moslem blood, who had shone in the guilty revelries of barbarous courts, and had abandoned learning to clerks and priests, than to possess the wit of Addison or the genius of Bacon. The people were still contemned; yet from the rising vigor of the people had sprung almost every one of the wits, the courtiers, and the statesmen who had made the dull Anne the arbitress of Europe.

Anne had herself inherited her sober virtues from the honest yeomanry of her mother's family; the corrupt instincts of the Stuarts were tempered by the regular habits of the Hydes. (29) Marlborough, the savior of Germany, had risen from comparative obscurity by every unworthy artifice, as well as by his successful sword; Halifax, the orator and wit, had come up to London with an ingenious fable (30) and

fifty pounds a year, and had been pampered into unhappy satiety, like the city mouse of his own tale; Somers rose from poverty and insignificance; St. John was married to the descendant of a wealthy clothier; Harley covered his obscure origin by a fancied genealogy; and the ruling caste of England, in this gifted age, was formed in great part of men who were prepared to recognize personal merit, since they had found it the source of their own success.

The clouded fame of Marlborough has sensibly decayed; few now care to pursue the devious intrigues of Bolingbroke and Oxford; but from the successful reign of Queen Anne still gaze down upon us a cluster of thoughtful faces whose lineaments the world will never cease to trace with interest, and to whom mankind must ever turn with grateful regard. One fair, soft countenance alone is always serene. No lines of fierce struggles or of bitter discontent, of brooding madness, or of envious rage, disturb that gentle aspect. A delicate taste, a tranquil disposition, a clear sense of the vanity of human passions and of all earthly aims, have softened and subdued the mental supremacy of Addison. To some he has seemed feeble; for many he wants the fire of genius. But multitudes in every age have been held willing captives by the lively play of his unwearied fancy, his melodious periods, his tenderness and truth; have yielded to a power that is never asserted, and to an art that is hidden in the simplicity of a master. By his side gleams out from the mists of centuries the severe and intellectual countenance of Alexander Pope. Bitter, treacherous, and cruel, magnanimous and full of moral vigor, the teacher of honesty and independence, the poet of Queen Anne's age still holds his high place in the temple of fame. His versification, so novel and so perfect to his contemporaries, has long sunk into monotony under countless imitations; his satiric vigor is no longer felt; the splendor of his artifice and the glitter of his rhetoric amaze



*A. Pope*



rather than delight; yet while literature endures the wise sentences and the keen insight of the philosophic poet will instruct and guide his race.

Gentle Parnell and pensive Gay, the vigorous thought and powerful diction of the corrupt St. John, the honest aspirations of a dissipated Steele toward ideal virtue, the melody of Tickell, the inventive genius of Defoe, the rude criticism of Dennis, the wit of Arbuthnot, and some few lines of Prior, survive from the faded glories of the age; and memorable above his contemporaries by his griefs, his brooding madness, his fierce and unsparing pride, the dark and troubled aspect of Swift looks down over the waste of time. There was never any thing of trust or joy in his solemn eyes. There is neither faith nor hope in the "Tale of a Tub" or "Gulliver's Travels." He came into life already weary of existence, and left it in the gloom of madness.

Swift came up to London in 1710, upon some important business for the Irish Church. He soon began that brilliant but scarcely honorable political career which engaged for several years his vigorous faculties, awoke his overbearing ambition, and left him in moody misanthropy and discontent. (31) Two famous women controlled successively the feeble intellect of Anne. Her strongest passion was an impulsive friendship, and the severe pen of Macaulay has traced with inimitable fullness the ardor of devotion with which she yielded to the imperious fascinations of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough. But the reign of the bold and vindictive favorite was now drawing toward its close, and a political revolution that was to decide the whole policy of England was brought about by the secret influence of a woman of a very different character. (32) A cousin of the duchess, Abigail Hill, had been admitted as an attendant upon the queen. She proved crafty and subservient. She betrayed her cousin, and supplanted her in Anne's feeble affections. The duchess dis-

covered her treachery. She covered Anne with reproaches, she wept, she implored; but the stubborn queen clung to her new favorite, and at length the haughty duchess was driven from the court; her husband, the great duke, fell with her; the Whigs were deprived of the power which they had held for so many years, and the Tories and the High Churchmen, led by Harley and Bolingbroke, ruled over England.

The literary men had all been Whigs, and had been brought into notice and covered with favors by that progressive party, which was represented in the Church by Tenison and in the Parliament by Montague. They remained, with but few exceptions, true to their principles and their benefactors. Addison, dignified and gentle, led his obedient followers into the opposition; Steele, profligate yet honest, employed his ready pen in the defense of the fallen Whigs; Congreve, Tickell, Phillips, and Budgell remained unseduced by the brilliant prospects of the triumphant faction. But the Tories succeeded in purchasing with bribes or winning by flatteries two of the chiefs of that gifted band who were to complete the renown of the reign of Queen Anne. No man had been more lavish in his flatteries of Marlborough, or a more vigorous suitor for the favors of the Whigs, than Matthew Prior. He now abandoned his friends and sold himself to St. John. His wit, his address, his dissolute morals, and his poetical fame made Prior the chief confidant of the new ministry, the companion of their pleasures, and their representative at the court of Louis. The poet negotiated the treaty of Utrecht, and saved France from a German invasion. But the chief of the traitors was Jonathan Swift. It is possible that in the dawn of his career, touched by the high inspiration of letters, Swift had felt the charm of ideal virtue, and had lived above the inferior impulses of his age. He was always fond of boasting of his integrity, his independence, and his conscious merit. But his feeble virtues now yielded to the shock of dis-







RICHARD STEELE.

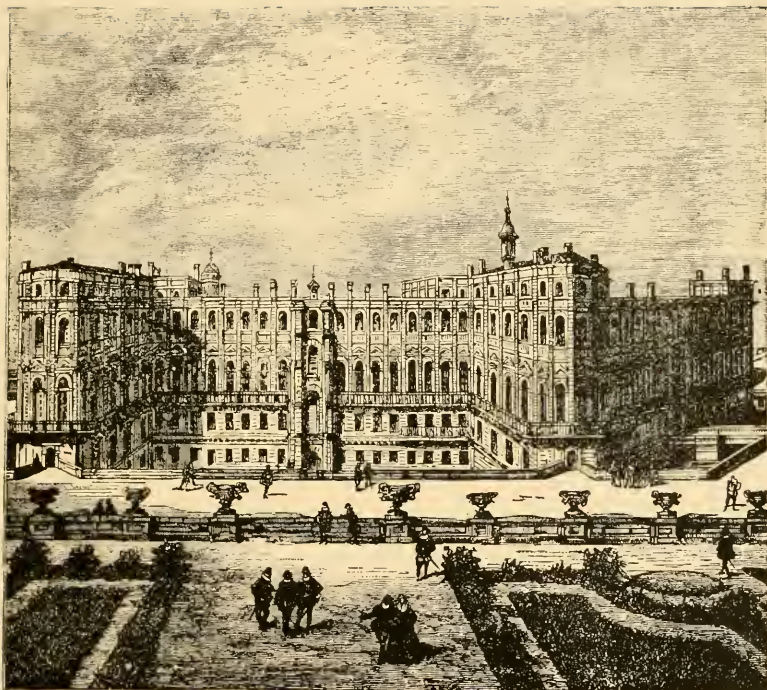
appointed ambition. He had abandoned his liberal principles, separated from his early friends, and went over to the Tories. He was received with singular favor. He became the constant associate of the unprincipled Harley and the profligate St. John, of Abigail Hill, who had become Lady Masham, and of the gay circle of dissipated courtiers who controlled the policy of Queen Anne. (33) Pious men were shocked to see an eminent clergyman the chosen companion of the worthless and the gay, and the keen wits of the fallen party pursued the renegade with ingenious malice. But Swift replied to their taunts with a ribald brilliancy that soon disconcerted his feebler foes, and amidst the elation of a political triumph, and the flatteries of ministers and lords, poured forth the most wonderful of party diatribes. He seemed to live in an atmosphere of exhilaration, to hold in his hands the avenue of promotion. He was fond of boasting to Stella how he loved Harley and St. John, and how they both treated him as a favored friend. He was eager with vague hopes, but often sinks into despondency; and the famous *Journal*, the picture of an unquiet soul, shows how Swift clutched at wealth and power, and lost his integrity.

Scott, a name ever memorable in letters for consistency, if not for acute discernment, has labored to excuse the fatal lapse of his great predecessor; but his palliation scarcely conceals the fault. It is not sufficient to assert that Swift's zeal for the Church drew him over to the Tories, for it must also have led him into a captious leaning toward the Pretender, who could hardly be thought a friend of the English establishment. (34) In his bitter discontent Swift seems to have abandoned all principle, and yielded himself wholly to the promptings of passion and a ceaseless thirst for vengeance upon his early friends.

There had come a time in the annals of France when it seemed that the Germans and the Dutch, the English and the

Prussians, might march almost unopposed to Paris; when the fountains of Versailles must play for a foreign master, and the gay parterres of Marly sink beneath the tread of hostile squadrons; when Louis must flee from his luxurious chambers, to hide, like James II., an exile in a distant land. Nothing could resist the splendid onset of Marlborough and Eugene. Lille, the capital of French Flanders, yielded to their united skill. The path lay open to the heart of France; and Louis trembled in the midst of those magnificent palaces which he had reared to his own glory amidst the ruin of his people. Huguenot riders swept from Courtray to Versailles, and captured an officer of the royal household on the bridge of Sevres. The streets of Paris rang with the news that the enemy was near. (35) No longer the magnificent, the beloved, amidst starvation, death, and penury, the aged king saw insulting placards hung upon his statues, and heard the murmurs of dejected France. (36)

Scarcely eight years had passed since Louis, almost monarch of Europe, issuing from his gorgeous chamber at Versailles, had presented to the Spanish ambassador and a splendid throng of all the chief dignitaries of his court, his grandson, Philip of Anjou, as King of Spain, and amidst the applause of a corrupt assembly had openly violated his plighted faith; and now, on a mournful day, a council was gathered, covered with humiliation and dissolved in tears. (37) There was the dull, unprincipled dauphin, his son, the heir of that great kingdom, which was now wasted with famine and threatened with a sudden conquest; there was the young Duke of Burgundy, the best of all the depraved grandchildren of Louis, the direct heir of a tottering throne; there were eminent statesmen and stately nobles—Torcy, Beauvilliers or Pontchartrain; and there, as Beauvilliers painted in vivid eloquence the woes and dangers of the realm, princes and nobles wept together, and Louis, with bowed head and breaking heart, consented



THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES.



to send an agent to Holland to ask mercy and peace from the Dutch. If William of Orange could have looked upon that scene, and beheld the humiliation of the destroyer of his country, he would have remembered with renewed satisfaction the time when, before the triumphant legions of France, he had ordered the dikes to be cut, and amidst the roar of the North Sea billows had called all Holland to the defense of its freedom and its faith; when the Calvinistic people, roused by his heroism, had defied the rage of the Jesuits, (38) and trusted in an arm mightier than all earthly powers. But the Dutch were now in no mood to listen complacently to the almost abject supplications of Louis. They had been bitterly wronged. France and Louis had labored to blot them from the earth. They offered only terms so severe and degrading that, even in its despair, the court of Versailles preferred war to submission.

Happily for Louis, a wide revolution had taken place in the politics of England; and the Tory reaction, covering the intellect of the age with the dreamy dullness of medieval High Churchism and the doctrines of passive obedience, had inclined the nation to look with sympathy upon the fallen monarch and his faded glories. The Tories stretched out a friendly hand to save the centre of European despotism and of regal follies and crimes. They had little in common with the Dutch reformers and the rising intellect of Northern Germany. Anne herself was a Stuart, remembered the close alliance of Louis with her uncle and her father, and was no friend, perhaps a feeble enemy, to the plans of William of Orange and the rapid growth of Protestantism. Marlborough and Eugene were checked in their invasion of France; yet they were permitted to move slowly onward, and at the great battle of Malplaquet, the most fiercely contested of all this disastrous war, the new army of France was defeated with dreadful slaughter; and again the enemy were looked for in Paris. At Malpla-



quet, on French soil, the fate of Louis and his dynasty seemed decided. His army, led by the brilliant Villars, had shown the courage of desperation, the self-sacrifice of a spurious patriotism. Thrice had Eugene led his best troops against the French intrenchments, and was still beaten back. The Dutch contingent, under a Prince of Orange, threw itself by mistake against a line bristling with cannon and guarded by a triple defense, and, with pertinacious resolution, was nearly cut to pieces on the spot. The prince retreated behind his heaps of dead. The Huguenot brigades, the flower of a devoted race, lay strewn upon the fatal field; and Prince Eugene, wounded by a musket-ball, was carried fainting to the rear. But while the French thus bravely held their ground, their line was again shaken by the steady advance of Marlborough with the English and Prussians. Once more Eugene, his wound bound up, sprang onward at the head of his daring cavalry, and, with a despairing cry, the center of the French army broke, and the great host fled before its foe.

The conquest of France seemed now no difficult task, (39) and the Germans, the Prussians and the Huguenots were ready to press forward to the siege of Paris. Happy would it have been for Europe and for Frenchmen had they been permitted to complete their victory. They might have restored toleration to the Church and self-respect to the people; they might have driven the Jesuits from France, the source of all its woes; they would have renewed the Huguenot colleges at Sedan or Saumur, and invited from every side the elements of reform; they might have scattered forever that gilded throng of poisoners, assassins, idiots, and imbeciles who had proclaimed themselves the rulers of France, and who, under the despotic guidance of Louis and the Jesuits, were sowing the seeds of endless woes. But the Tory reaction of England checked the career of reform in London as well as in Paris. The Huguenots and the Dutch were forbidden to conquer France. Louis

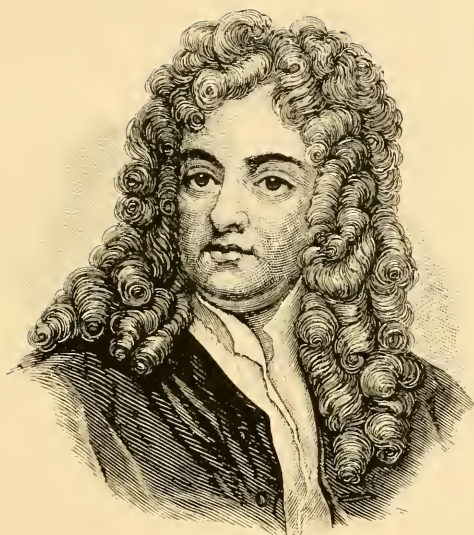
and the Jesuits were left to rule over the decaying kingdom; and the bitter pen of Swift, ever malignant and destructive, covered with sharp ridicule that vigorous alliance, the dying legacy of William of Orange, which had alone preserved the liberties of Europe.

Five years of a weary life yet remained to good Queen Anne, and of ceaseless plotting to the Tories. They knew that their power must cease with her reign, and that when the Hanoverian king ascended the throne, the principles of Protestantism and the liberal policy of William would again govern England. It was believed by many that Bolingbroke, and perhaps Oxford, had engaged in a plan for bringing back the Stuarts; that Popery was to be restored with the Pretender; that a period of anarchy was approaching, when the nation would once more be driven to contend against French corruption and a Catholic king. The Tories, careless of the clamor of their opponents, resolved to break up the grand alliance, to desert their allies, to save Louis. Prior went on a secret embassy to Paris; Swift wrote his "Conduct of the Allies;" the treaty of Utrecht (1713) was slowly perfected; and Louis rose from his humiliation, still the master of Alsace and Strasburg, and saw his grandson Philip firmly seated on the throne of Spain.

That the peace of Utrecht was unjust to Germany and Holland, to the exiled Huguenots who had fought for the freedom of England on many a battle-field, to the Protestants of Strasburg, and the friends of toleration in every land, can scarcely be denied; that Bolingbroke, Swift, (40) and Oxford were bound to the despot of Versailles by no honorable ties, was openly asserted by many of their contemporaries. If they were not engaged to bring back the Pretender, they at least felt a lasting hostility for the Protestant king from Hanover.

It was in the last years of Queen Anne's reign that, every

morning, was laid on the breakfast-tables of tasteful lords and quiet citizens a small printed sheet that told the mournful story of Sir Roger and his widow; (41) discussed the sources of the beautiful and the sublime; made "Paradise Lost" familiar to countless readers, and unfolded to the world the graceful meditations of a spotless mind on the problems of life and of immortality. While party strife raged with unexampled bitterness, Addison, the tranquil "Spectator," taught all the milder virtues and softened the rude manners of his age. With less success, but still more general applause, he produced a tragedy in the cause of freedom, of which only a brief monologue survives. At the same time was printing at the London press a magnificent volume, (42) rich with the rarest decorations of luxurious typography—a translation by one who could scarcely read the original, with slow labor, of the ever-living tales of Homer. Such unscrupulous audacity was rewarded with an unbounded triumph. Golden showers rained upon the poet; he rose at once to unprecedented fame; and if a wide eminence be a proper object of congratulation, Pope might be looked upon as the most successful of his contemporaries: more fortunate than Marlborough; happier than Swift. Nor was his triumph undeserved; for the rich fields of English poetry have no more captivating mine of poetic gems, of the touching, the graceful, and the sublime, clothed in sonorous couplets, and radiant with a glittering diction, than Pope has ravished from the boundless stores of Homer. What he has brought with him almost compensates us for all that he was incapable of bearing away. The simplicity and majesty of his original he never ventured to imitate. Swift, meantime, was startling the literary world with those unrivaled political satires that have never ceased to find imitators and readers, and had, perhaps, already conceived the design of "Gulliver's Travels;" Defoe had not yet turned from party strife to write "Robinson Crusoe;" a throng of inferior



J. Addison.



writers sought the public ear. In the midst of the new literary activity Johnson was born (1709), and Hume (1711)—the most successful students of Addison and Swift. Shakespeare and Milton, now rescued from neglect, rose into general favor, and literature began that vigorous contest, of which the victory has not yet been won, against medieval ignorance and feudal follies. (43)

The dull queen cared nothing for the strains of her bards or the graceful periods of Addison and Swift; she was sick, unhappy, and alone. Her husband and all her children died before her; fierce dissensions had broken out among her ministers. Bolingbroke and Oxford, torn by an insane emulation, brought their quarrels into the council chamber, and disturbed the last days of the feeble queen with their coarse recrimination and bitter hate. No tenderness for their dying mistress, no memory of her favors, restrained the rude natures of those corrupt men, to whose hands was committed the destiny of a cultivated nation. Harley came intoxicated into her presence; the character of Bolingbroke was well known to his mistress; yet the queen was forced to listen to their counsels and submit to their advice. At length that event which the Tories had long looked for with natural alarm was hastened by the imprudence of their chiefs, and Anne was seized with a mortal illness. One morning she rose, fixed her eyes for a long time on a clock that stood near, and when a lady in waiting asked her what she saw unusual, turned upon her with a vacant gaze and fainted. On the 31st of July, 1714, Anne died, and with her passed away forever the rule of that faction which had inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience and the divine authority of kings. Fugitives, exiles, impoverished, dismayed, the fallen adherents of a political superstition sank before the indignation of their countrymen. Oxford, a prisoner in the Tower, trembled for his life; Bolingbroke fled to France, and



openly joined the court of James III.; Ormond was a needy exile; Swift, spared by the lenient Whigs, was permitted to retreat to his deanery at Dublin; Prior, fallen almost to penury, lived upon a subscription to his poems. Never again was the extravagant theory of loyalty to rule in England. A new race of statesmen had sprung up, who had been educated in the tolerant spirit of Addison rather than the passionate bigotry of Swift. The crown had, in fact, become elective; it was slowly discovered that the king, the church, and the ruling caste should be the servants rather than the despots of the nation.

While England, taught by the gentle genius of Addison, had made some faint progress in refinement and common-sense, France, shorn of its military glories by the acute diplomacy of William of Orange and the successful generals of Queen Anne, remained lost in a dull stupor of bigotry and despotism that was to be broken only by the fierce convulsions of its revolution. Louis, in extreme old age, was still governed by the severe guidance of the Jesuits. It was even asserted that, like James II. of England, he had himself become a member of their powerful society, and might claim all those immunities and privileges in a future world that had been lavishly bestowed by grateful popes upon the followers of Loyola. (44) His reign had, at least, been illustrative of the principles of the Spanish saint. His two confessors, La Chaise and Le Tellier, had condoned all his vices and instigated all his crimes. The slave and tyrant of depraved women and designing men, Louis had swept on through life, the chief actor in a dreadful pageant, blind to the miseries of his people, confident only in his own glory. Yet the misfortunes of his later years might well have broken any heart less cold than his own. The sorrows and the humiliation he had brought upon France seem, indeed, to have given him little uneasiness. His selfish vanity was never touched by the woes of others; but within his own



ST. JOHN,  
VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.



family a series of afflictions had fallen upon him that cast a dreadful gloom over the splendors of Versailles and the gardens of Marly.

Since Louis, on a chill and snowy night, attended by the Archbishop of Paris, his confessor Pere la Chaise, and a few officials, had led the widow Scarron (45) to the chapel of Versailles, and, kneeling with her at the altar, had exchanged the marriage-rings, but little peace could have remained in the palace, where the new wife was eagerly plotting to be openly acknowledged, and the legitimate princes refused to come into her presence. An alienation had arisen between the king and his son the dauphin; and Madame de Maintenon had become the patroness of the natural children of Louis, who had inherited all the evil passions of their parents. But when the Duke of Burgundy, the dauphin's eldest son, and the heir to the crown, had married, amidst pageants of unprecedented splendor, Mary of Savoy, that amiable but heedless princess had won the regard of Louis, and the good qualities of the young dukes, who had been educated under Fénelon, (46) seemed to promise a happier era for the suffering people. Two sons were born to Mary, and the family of the Duke of Burgundy formed a centre of promise in the corrupt atmosphere of Versailles. (47)

Death now suddenly descended upon the guilty court, attended by all the horrors of suspicion and doubt. The dauphin was seized with small-pox, and died; Louis fainted in an agony of grief, but fled hastily from the infected chamber; his courtiers followed him; and the heir of the French throne was buried in haste, with only a few strangers to attend his funeral. In February, 1712, a box of Spanish snuff was presented to Mary. Soon after she died delirious, and with every trace of poison. Her husband, the duke, not long after perished in similar torments. Their eldest son also died. The Duke de Berri, second son of the dauphin, followed next, the

victim of his own wife. The cry of poison resounded through the nation. Louis trembled for his own worthless life; and his great-grandson, a feeble infant, the Duke of Anjou, alone remained, the last of his direct heirs. Faint with repeated shocks, yet tranquil in the assurance of the protection of the Jesuits, Louis at length passed away (1715) from his magnificent palaces, haunted only by the shades of the dead, and left behind him a baleful memory, which future generations will rejoice to hide in a decent oblivion.

Such was the spectacle of the fall of the great, the miseries of nations, the barbaric glories and disasters of French vanity and Jesuitic intolerance, upon which Stella had gazed with a feeble attention, and in which Swift had played no unimportant part during the last years of Queen Anne; but for the dark-eyed, pensive maiden, now no longer in the bloom of youth, yet still singularly fair, the hand of destiny was tracing an intricate and touching fate that must survive in the annals of letters, when perhaps the names of Louis and Anne are remembered only to be condemned. Swift had written *each* day to Stella a journal of the various events that had soothed his ambition or satisfied his pride; had named the great nobles who were his frequent companions, the power he had won in the counsels of the nation, the most minute events of his daily life, his dinners, his diseases, his giddiness, the misconduct of Patrick and the melancholy end of Patrick's lark, the adventures of the box of snuff, the heat of the weather; yet there was one passage of his London career upon which he was ever silent. He had found a new pupil, and Stella had learned by report of that gay and graceful rival to whom all of Swift's leisure was devoted, (48) Esther Vanhomrigh, the "Vanessa" of the mysterious romance, was young, wealthy, beautiful, a member of that glittering circle of Tory fashion in which her master was now moving with singular applause. Her father was dead, her mother kept a hospitable house, and here

Swift found a friendly reception, and forgot in the eager homage of Vanessa his duty to his betrothed, the gentle pupil of Moor Park. (49)

He woke suddenly from his delusion; and when the death of Anne drove him, a moody exile, to his deanery at Dublin, had resolved, perhaps, to part forever from Vanessa. On his return he found that grief and a natural jealousy had thrown Stella into a deep melancholy. Her health declined. A friend in common carried her complaints to Swift; and with strange reluctance and singular precautions, he at length determined to prove his constancy by going through the form of marriage. (50) The ceremony was performed secretly in the garden of the deanery by the Bishop of Clogher in 1716, but upon the condition that it was never to be acknowledged publicly, and Stella was still to live apart from her husband in the same guarded way in which they had so long defied the scrutiny of the world. Agitated and gloomy, Swift had yielded as if to some fatal necessity in his mysterious marriage. Soon after, his friend Dr. Delany met him coming from an interview with the Archbishop of Dublin; he looked like one distracted, and passed Delany without speaking. Delany found the archbishop in tears; upon asking the reason, he replied, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but of the cause of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Swift hid himself in seclusion for several days after his marriage, and then came forth to resume his usual course of life, and to treat Stella only as a loved and honored friend. Every year, on her birthday, he celebrated her virtues in graceful verses, and proved the sincerity of his affection by his devotion to her while living, the anguish with which he received the tidings of her death.

What fatal barrier existed to their perfect union, what strange confession Swift made to the Archbishop of Dublin, why he ever refused to publish his marriage with one he so



deeply loved, no research has ever unfolded, and no tongue has ever told. Swift carefully preserved his secret; and even when his intellect sank into imbecility, upon one point he was always prudent. In all his writings he made no confession. The mystery of Swift and Stella sleeps with them where they were placed side by side in the Cathedral of St. Patrick. But conjecture has never ceased to explain their story. It was said that after his marriage Swift discovered that Stella was his sister, that they were both the children of Sir William Temple, and that the secret was maliciously revealed by Mrs. Dingley, Stella's companion, when the ceremony was ended. Several circumstances seem to confirm the theory. They had both been inmates of Sir William's house, had been treated by him with constant regard, and had received considerable legacies in his will. Some likeness was traced between them and their supposed father, and it was not incredible that one might have remained ignorant of the other's parentage; but Scott believed that he had perfectly refuted the theory. (51) By some writers it has been suggested that Swift was insane, and that his conduct toward Stella and Vanessa showed only the wild freaks of a madman. Others have accused his fierce ambition and pride, that led him to crush with cruel neglect his humble companion and wife. Some assert that he would save the life of Vanessa; that he married Stella, but loved her rival. But for all these conjectures no sufficient argument can be adduced.

Meantime the unhappy Vanessa, constant in that love which she had openly declared to her master, had also followed him to Ireland, and lived at Marley Abbey, a small estate which she had inherited, near Celbridge, resolved not to be separated from him by the treacherous seas. Here, amidst the charms of a gentle landscape, the victim of a real passion saw her youth and beauty fade away in monastic seclusion. Her house resembled a cloister in form as well as in name. A river wandered bright and glad amidst green fields and graceful woods

before it; a cascade leaped and murmured in the distance; the garden was profusely planted with laurel by Vanessa's own hand, in honor of her beloved; and here, in a bower furnished with two seats, and a table covered with writing materials, would Swift sit with his pupil, on those rare occasions when he visited her in her retirement, striving to moderate her fatal passion, but never revealing that secret bond that had separated them forever. Here, shaded by his laurels, Vanessa wrote those impassioned letters that served only to awaken alarm, pity, we may trust remorse, in the agitated breast of the husband of Stella.

Her sister, her only companion, died beneath her care, of a lingering disease; and in her solitude, torn by jealousy, conscious of Swift's close intimacy with her rival, yet ignorant of its cause, Vanessa, after eight years of patient expectation, resolved, by a daring step, to discover the nature of the tie that bound him to another. She wrote to Stella asking her to reveal the mystery. Stella, in reply, told her of her marriage, (52) sent Vanessa's letter to Swift, and, filled with a just resentment, fled from Dublin, and from a husband whose cruel duplicity had well deserved her lasting scorn.

But for Esther Vanhomrigh, her bold effort to unfold the dangerous mystery proved the knell of death. In one of those fierce bursts of rage, the tokens of approaching madness which so often came upon him, and which was now excited to unusual intensity by the reception of Vanessa's letter from Stella, Swift rode instantly to Marley Abbey. No remorse for his own base conduct seemed to have checked his selfish resentment; no pity for that fair and gifted woman, to whom he should have knelt in humble self-accusation, seems to have been thought of in his haughty delirium. With a terrible countenance he entered Vanessa's apartment, flung her letter upon the table, and when she asked him, with a trembling

voice, to sit down, turned from her sternly, and rode hastily away.

A few weeks afterward Vanessa died, it was said of fever; but no one has ever mistaken the cause of her rapid decline. Her heart was broken. Until she received Stella's letter she had lived in a perpetual delusion, ever hoping that time would remove the unknown obstacle to her union with him whom she thought her lover, and for whom she had cherished an unbounded veneration, a singular devotion. The discovery of his faithlessness had turned her love to resentment, her respect to scorn. She at once revoked her will, in which she had left all her property to Swift, and gave it to strangers. She died amidst her shattered hopes, indignant, silent, and alone. At Marley Abbey are still shown two or three laurel-trees, from whose classic leaves Vanessa had once hoped to crown his immortal brow, and the garden, now tangled, and neglected, from whence they had looked together on the shining river and the bright cascade.

At the news of her death, Swift, overpowered by remorse and grief, for two months hid himself in solitude, alone in his agony. He then came back to the deanery. Stella forgave him, touched by his distress; and once more they lived like brother and sister, careless of the opinion of the world. Still the same mystery hung over them, and still Swift, untaught by the mournful fate of Vanessa, refused to publish the secret marriage. But Stella's health, always delicate, sank under her painful circumstances. Calumny wounded her pure and gentle spirit. She in vain urged that vindication of her fame which Swift alone could give. At length she fell into a consumption, and was rapidly passing away. Yet still Swift refused, with unaccountable cruelty, to grant her last request. She was even removed from the deanery, lest, by her dying there, some scandal might be excited; and Swift was not with her in her last moments. But from his chamber in the dean-

ery, agitated by no common grief, he might have seen the torches gleaming through the Gothic windows of St. Patrick's as they bore Stella, at night, to her grave in the solemn cathedral (53).

The great dean, idolized by the Irish, whose interests he upheld, wit, scholar, poet, and classic writer of his age, survived for many years his fair and gentle pupil. His fame ever increased; his wit filled the world with laughter; his power in Ireland was almost despotic. Yet no moment of happiness or of peace ever came to his troubled spirit. He always declared that he was weary of life, eager for death. His common parting words to his friends were, "May we never meet again." His mind at last was lost in silent idiocy. He died in 1745, and was laid in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Stella's side. (54)

Thus came and passed away the days of good Queen Anne, full of their joys and their calamities, their wars and triumphs, their pleasures and their pains; their heroes and statesmen, who rise for a moment above the paths of history, soon, perhaps to sink forever in neglect; their princely and noble throngs, shining in a transient splendor; their patient multitude, rising slowly in knowledge and power. Nor did they pass wholly in vain. For still look down upon us from amidst their fading glories the calm countenances of Addison, Swift, and Pope, shorn of their coarser and baser elements, and living only as intellectual agents, governing all future generations at will by the power of mental culture, softening the rude, informing the dull, exciting emulation, and teaching forever, with no common success, in the great university of mankind.

## NOTES

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(1.) Stanhope, *Reign of Queen Anne*. Wilde, *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*.

(2.) The strange fate of Swift and Stella can be compared only to that of Abelard and Heloise.

(3.) "I have done with that family," he says in the *Journal to Stella*.

(4.) A portrait of Stella still exists, pensive and beautiful.

(5.) *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1755; and Wilde, p. 108. She was reported to be Sir William's daughter; but in his will he calls her his sister's servant.

(6.) The nondescript inmates of Sir William's strange household seem not to have known whether they were servants or members of his family.

(7.) Macaulay, "Sir W. Temple," with his usual severity, sees only Swift's harsher traits.

(8.) Scott, *Life of Swift*, p. 68.

(9.) Scott, p. 69.

(10.) Scott, p. 84. Swift borrowed his design from Rabelais, and must be content with the second place in the ranks of modern humorists, or perhaps the third—next to Cervantes.

(11.) Martin, *Hist., France*. In 1662 Louis and Colbert were laboring to check pauperism and elevate the people. Vol. XIV., 615, et seq.

(12.) *Memoirs de Louis XIV.*, (written by himself), *Archives Curieuses*, VII., 335, show his constant activity, and his ceaseless ambition; p. 319.

(13.) This should be borne in mind by those who mourn over the robbery of Alsace from France by the Germans in 1871.

(14.) Hormayr, *Wien*, etc., iv. 158 et seq. Menzel, p. 940.

(15.) As the dreadful night drew to its end, rockets appeared in the northern sky, to encourage the poor Viennese to hold out a little longer. Aid was coming, but from whom? Like an angel sent of God in the moment of fate seemed this Savior of Europe. A constellation in the heavens has been named for him, and his name, like the stars, shall shine forever.

(16.) Hormayr, p. 205.

(17.) Kohlrausch gives the German view of these horrible scenes. *Hist., Ger. ch.* xxviii.

(18.) By her contemporaries she, was known as "this incomparable princess." *Life of Queen Anne, 1714.*

(19.) It has been said that if the scientists of all ages could meet in convention, they would elect Sir Isaac Newton chairman.

(20.) Kohlrausch, ch. xxviii.

(21.) Prussia became a kingdom at this time, the ambitious Hohenzollern demanding the title of king when the emperor did not dare to refuse it.

(22.) St. Simon. The French were amazed at their first defeats, and then grew accustomed to them. Louis hoped to become a new Charlemagne. *Mem.*, p. 159.

(23.) At least in action. He still, however, seems to have kept up a correspondence with the court of St. Germain.

(24.) Prinz Eugen. Arneth gives Eugene's campaign from original sources.

(25.) *Life of Queen Anne, 1714*, p. 95, 96. "The glorious battle of Blenheim" Marlborough's Dispatches, i. 39, give that commander's modest account of the battle.

(26.) Coxe, i. 407.

(27.) *Id.*, ii. 249, et seq.

(28.) St. Simon paints the miseries of France; the court was served with black bread. St. Simon gave reluctantly part of his plate to the treasurer.

(29.) Anne was the daughter of Anne Hyde, a beautiful girl whom James had secretly married when Duke of York. Her grandmother had been a tub woman in a brewery.

(31.) The Journal to Stella commences with his visit, so long protracted, to London.

(32.) Correspondence of Duchess of Marlborough, ii. 105. The angry duchess, after all, has little to say against her rival.

(33.) "The Rev. Mr. Swift and Mr. Prior quickly offered themselves for sale," says the Duchess of Marlborough. *Corresp.*, ii. 129.

(34.) The Pretender, a strong Catholic, reared as a foreigner, would not have favored the English church, which had practically dethroned his father.

(35.) St. Simon, *Mem.*, 1709. The courtiers were afraid to go out of the city. 36 *id.* 37 Torcy.

(38.) Even the popes and Louis feared the malice of this dangerous body. See St. Simon, *Les Jesuites*, vol. x; *Oeuvres*, p. 107.

(39.) Marlborough was removed from his command, and the invasion of France abandoned. That France must have fallen, had the allies pressed on either in 1709 or 1710, seems scarcely doubtful.



(40.) "I hope they can tell no ill story of you," wrote Archbishop King to Swift, after his fall. "Had the queen lasted a month longer, had the English Tories been as bold and resolute as they were clever and crafty, had the prince whom the nation loved and pitied been equal to his fortune, George Lewis (King George the First) had never talked German in St. James's Chapel Royal."—Thackeray.

(41.) "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" are popular to-day, as the best specimens of the "Spectator."

(42.) Pope's Homer was printed 1715, after Anne's death, but belongs to her period.

(43.) "The Spectator," cultivated the literary taste of the nation as no other periodical ever did.

(44.) St. Simon, Oeuvers, x. p. 106 paints the dangerous ambition of the Jesuits. Their threats terrified Louis.

(45.) Madame de Maintenon.

(46.) The good archbishop Fénelon, had written for his pupil that great educational classic, the "Adventures of Télémaque," a sort of secular "Pilgrim's Progress." The young Duke might have saved France, had he lived. He was the one hope of the nation.

(47.) St. Simon gives details of the terrible corruption of the court and the king.

(48.) Scott, p. 227.

(49.) Read Swift's "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which he depicts her infatuation for him. "Cadenus" is an anagram of *decanus*, the Latin word for *dean*. "Vanessa" is formed from "Essa Van" (Esther Van Homrigh).

(50.) The marriage of Swift and Stella is generally admitted (Scott, 239), yet in her will Stella entitles herself "spinster."

(51.) Scott's argument is not conclusive. That Swift and Stella were brother and sister was believed by their contemporaries. See Gent. Magazine, 1755.

(52.) There is another version of the story, but it is allowed that Vanessa discovered the marriage.

(53.) Wilde, p. 120.

(54.) Recently their graves were opened and their remains examined. Wilde, p. 120.

## SUPPLEMENTARY STUDIES.

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- "Robinson Crusoe."  
"Gulliver's Travels."  
"The Tale of a Tub."  
Swift's "Cadenus and Vanessa."  
"The Spectator"—especially "The De Coverley Papers."  
Pope's "Essay on Man."  
Pope's "Greater Dunciad."  
Newton's laws.  
Locke's philosophy.  
"The History of the Great Rebellion," by Lord Clarendon (Edward Hyde, Grandfather of Queen Anne).  
Addison's poems.  
Prior's fable of "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse."  
Gay's "Beggar's Opera."  
Young's "Night Thoughts."  
Steele.  
Budgell.  
Bishop Berkeley, and modern subjective idealism.  
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Madame de Sevigné; letter-writing in Queen Anne's Age.  
Robert South.  
Thomas and Gilbert Burnet.  
Boyle's Contributions to Science.  
Handel, and his compositions.  
Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws."  
Voltaire.  
Boileau.  
Rollin.  
Racine.  
Bossuet.  
Rousseau.  
Fénelon and his royal pupil; his "Télémaque."  
Massillon.  
Le Sage and his "Gil Blas."  
Buffon.

Sobieski's Shield, the Constellation named in honor of the savor of Europe.

Peter the Great, and his visit to Holland and England; the founding of St. Petersburg.

Charles the Twelfth, the Madman of the North.

Queen Anne's war in America.

The beginning of the Kingdom of Prussia; the first King of Prussia.

The Union of England and Scotland, to form the Kingdom of Great Britain.

Queen Anne architecture, as contrasted with the Tudor style.

Queen Anne cabinets.

Queen's ware.

Queen's metal.

Books printed in Queen Anne's day.

Portraits of Queen Anne and Louis XIV.

Watteau and his pictures.

Hogarth's work in art.

Louis Quatorze tables and chairs.

Beds and bed furnishings of Queen Anne's day.

Wigs and dress of the courts of Queen Anne and Louis XIV.

Queen Anne and Louis Quatorze musical instruments.

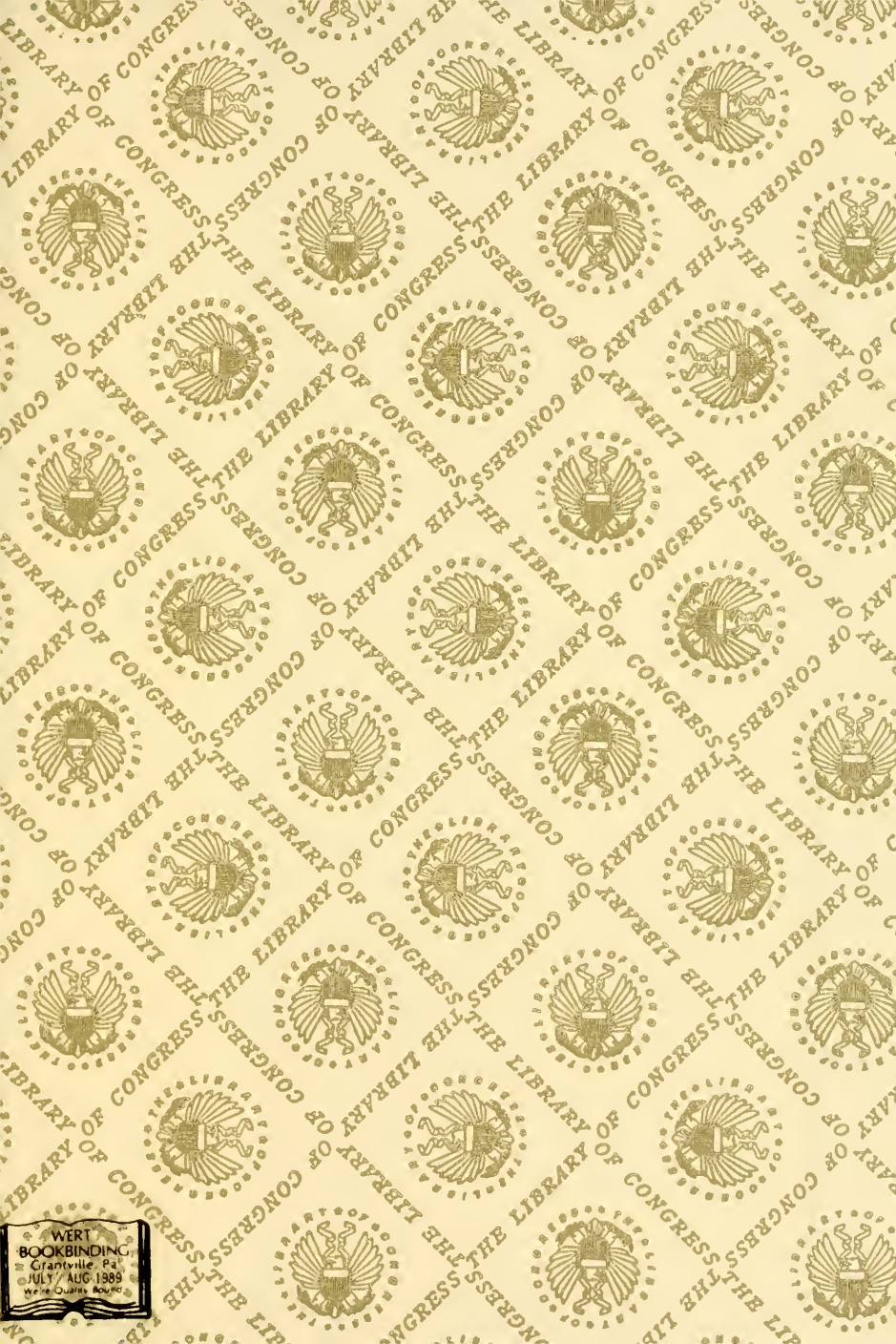
Glimpses of Queen Anne in fiction—Victor Hugo's "Man Who Laughs," etc.

Queen Anne's domestic sorrows—the early death of her nineteen children; the domineering of her personal attendants; the bitter dissensions of her ministers, brought into her very presence.









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